

Harriet Wierenga née Westra



10 April 1916 - 23 August 2017

Celebrating the Grace of God
in the life of
Harriet Wierenga

Inglewood Christian Reformed Church
Edmonton, Alberta
September 1, 2017
1:30 p.m.

Pastor: John Ooms
Musician: Jim Reynolds

Harriet's Family in 2017

Dixie and Bill Vanden Born

Karen
Mark and Debbie Huyser-Wierenga: Lucas (Jill), Maria,
Abby (Lukas), Emma
Ann and Duncan Gish
Joan and Andrew Geisterfer: Zachariah (Renae), Samuel,
Benjamin
Elaine

Peter and Anne Wierenga

Todd and Mel Wierenga: Eloise, Evan
Lauren

Jean and Clarence Weening

Chris and Missy Weening: Olivia, Claire, Margaux, Reese
Julie Stefek: Isabella, Nicholas
Matthew and Katie Weening: McKenzie, Cooper, Sawyer
Rachel and Travis Parker

Herman's children:

Phil and Jenn Nessner-Wierenga
Alena and Chris Vincent: Kyler

Predeceased by her husband Herman, her children Andrew and Carolyn, Gladys, Herman, and her seven siblings



Prelude

Seating of the Family

Praying for Comfort

Singing Together: *Precious Lord*

Reading: "God Has Not Promised"

Old Testament Reading: Psalm 121 (Zack Geisterfer)

Singing Together: *Great Is Thy Faithfulness*
(refrain after 1st and 3rd stanzas)

Reading from the Gospel: John 6:35-40 (Anne Wierenga)

Singing Together: *Thy Word*

Reading of Psalm 90:14-17

Message: "The Favour of the Lord"

Singing Together: *Amazing Grace*

Giving Thanks for Harriet's Life:

 Words of Remembrance

 Photo Tribute

 Prayer of Thanksgiving

Singing Together: *There Is a Redeemer*

God's Blessing

Doxology: *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow*

Recessional & Postlude

Interment at Westlawn Cemetery preceded this service.

*Refreshments and a time for supportive fellowship will be
available in the Fellowship Hall.*

Harriet Wierenga was born in a small hamlet, East Friesland, Wisconsin, on April 10, 1916. She was the fourth child of Pieter and Etje Westra.

In 1934 she married Herman Wierenga and they began farming in Wisconsin. Three children were born there: Dixie, Andrew, and Gladys. In 1942 the young family left Wisconsin to farm in Neerlandia, where Herman's parents and siblings had emigrated. Peter was born in Neerlandia in 1945. In 1949 the family moved again, this time to Edmonton where Herman began work as an Immigration Fieldman for the Christian Reformed Church, finding homes and jobs and establishing churches for many post-war Dutch immigrants. Harriet opened her home offering meals and bed as necessary.

Two more children were added to the bunch: Jean in 1950 and Herman in 1952.

Harriet experienced much sorrow throughout her life. In 1954 her husband Herman was killed in a car accident while he was bringing an immigrant family to their new home. Nine years later, in 1963, Andrew, Gladys, and Andrew's wife Carolyn, died in another tragic car accident. More recently her youngest son Herman also died unexpectedly.

In the face of such loss, raising her family on her own, Harriet relied on her strong faith for comfort and strength to carry her through, and focussed on raising her children, encouraging each of them to get an education. And she took joy in celebrating marriages, and the births of her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Harriet was somewhat of a globe-trotter, making numerous trips to Wisconsin. She travelled several times to Australia to visit her son Peter and his family, to Ottawa to visit Herman and his children. Highway 2 to Calgary was also a familiar route as she often drove it to visit Jean and her family. She was also able to make trips to Israel and the Netherlands, Newfoundland, Arizona, and B.C.

During her life, Harriet worked as a babysitter, census taker, kept boarders (as many as three at a time), sold Avon, and for 12 years worked as a cook for the priests of St. John's Catholic Church. After she retired at age 70, she moved to McQueen Place and then into Summit Village where she lived for almost 20 years. Dixie and her husband Bill lived in Edmonton and were much support for Harriet, day to day.

Harriet moved into Emmanuel Home in 2007, and was cared for there until her death.



These hands —milked cows, turned the soil, snapped beans and peeled potatoes, rolled and shaped pie crusts for the best apple pies, scrubbed floors, washed windows and polished silver, cradled six children and soothed fevered brows, held their hands, lifted fine china cups of tea or coffee to her lips, knitted baby blankets and sweaters, rang doorbells - "Avon calling", dealt out Skipbo cards, guided the shuttle through yarn on a loom, tightly gripped a steering wheel driving through a snow storm, unswaddled new-born grandchildren to check out their fingers and toes, wiped away tears of sorrow from her cheeks - many tears, and daily folded in prayer. Beautiful indeed!